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# More Lonely

Philosophical poems

Sorin Cerin

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**2019**

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## **Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing



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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist  
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppcase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free



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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan** : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,  
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,  
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu :** "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad :** "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of



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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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**1. More lonely**

More lonely,  
than the Divine Light,  
which I have lost,  
on the Street of your Eyes  
neither the Darkness,  
of my Steps,  
can no longer be,  
more lonely,  
when he walks,  
over the floor gnawed,  
by the Passions of the Horizon,  
stolen each time,  
by the eternity of the Moment,  
to which has screamed,  
a Calendar gnawed, by, the Longing,  
which is still looking for us and now,  
the dusty Destiny,  
more lonely,  
than the whole World,  
promised by the Creator,  
what sleeps drunk,



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unconscious,  
through the ditches of the forehead,  
of a Day,  
which has no longer been given to us,  
to we live it,  
never.

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**2. It burned us in silence**

We hit us,  
by the comet of a Destiny,  
which burned us in silence,  
the whole Universe,  
on which the Creator,  
he would have built him step by step, of, Love,  
only for us,  
knowing that someday,  
we will become,  
one of the stars, the most beloved,  
of His,  
illuminating him the thoughts of Eternity,  
with our Love.

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**3. Of on the vault of the Hearts**

I have followed your Eternity,  
feeling her Divine Light,  
which has flowed to you,  
through the veins of the Steps of the Infinite,  
so full,  
by the Passion of God,  
of a Love,  
which, stood, frozen and forgotten,  
among the nooks of the Universe,  
until you breathe for the first time,  
the air of Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which, they have thawed her, forever,  
by watering with its drops,  
the ice flowers,  
put at the graves of the Words.

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**4. It was given to us**

More lonely,  
without the Loneliness which has forsaken me,  
can not be, Nobody,  
so lost,  
by the Loss which wanders,  
on, the unleashed waves of the Destinies,  
from which the Illusions of Happiness,  
they have cut their vestments,  
from the moldy fabric of Death,  
of a Word,  
under whose eaves,  
we would have wanted to hide,  
the Truth trampled by the steps,  
of the Conscience,  
of an aborted Love,  
by the Original Sin,  
on whose wings,  
was given to us to we fly,  
toward ourselves.

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**5. The Future of Illusions of the Happiness**

We waited that the Sun of Destiny,  
to he wash us,  
the heavy and dirty Ocean,  
by the Tears of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
lit in the tumultuous Glances of the Moments,  
which, they have lost their Eternity,  
on the desperate shore of the Day,  
from which the Memory,  
has carved the statue of a Time,  
which does not look like,  
with none of our Hopes,  
whose Genes,  
should have led them further,  
The Future of Illusions of the Happiness.

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**6. The Blood of Dreams**

Why we needed so much,  
to we understand,  
that that we gave birth to the Living Pyres,  
on which, the Time will burn,  
consuming itself in the flames of Hopes,  
forever,  
for to remain scattered in the Eternity,  
of a God,  
which, he will flow to us endlessly,  
through the veins of the Illusions of the Existence,  
what embraces us with the Blood of Dreams,  
the Love,  
for to Light, Divine,  
Nonbeing,  
who will breathe,  
somewhere, sometime,  
in, the World of a Memory,  
which will no longer belong to us,  
Never.

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**7. Good Night**

How much grass, of Promises,  
has rusted,  
on the Horizons of Dreams,  
with which we wrapped us up,  
the Desires,  
telling them,  
every time,  
to the Illusions of Life and Death,  
Good Night,  
so as to rest quietly,  
under the opaque and hot blanket,  
of the Vanity,  
which, gushing purely,  
through the veins of our Destiny,  
without knowing that, thus, we gave her,  
the Time,  
embracing a Future,  
which, always, it alienates by us,  
killing us each Moment,

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through which we passed,  
equally unobserved,  
on, how unseen, was for us,  
the Death,  
who was waiting for us, quiet and silent,  
after we gave her the Life,  
at the corner of the street, with name, of Destiny.



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**8.    So shipwrecked**

We were more Loneliness,  
than the Illusion of our own Existence,  
which has fallen us into depravity,  
with the Eternities of the Moments,  
hitting them over the forehead full of sweat,  
of a Time,  
on which no Birth, of, Details,  
it would not have wished him,  
to guide the Destiny of the Illusion of Death,  
only for us,  
those so shipwrecked,  
on the own waves of blood,  
of the Sentimental Sunsets,  
in which we drowned forever,  
the Future.

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**9. Statues of Words**

We've lost us,  
so long ago,  
by the Times of the Glances,  
that we have become,  
Statues of Words,  
polished by the storms of the Forgetfulness,  
at the edge of Love,  
to guard the markets of Memories,  
who are still looking for us,  
silent and resigned,  
on the counters of Destinies,  
where we might appear someday,  
put up for sale,  
by ourselves.

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**10. In the Blood of the Stars of Words**

We bathed us,  
in the Blood of the Stars of Words,  
what they shed tears under the oppressive weight,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
which cut them the elan,  
of to jump over the Infint,  
lost deep,  
in the Labyrinth exhausted by Hopes,  
wandered through the unpolished Diamond,  
of the Love,  
on which we would have liked to tie him,  
by the wedding ring of our Passions,  
when the bloody Dawn of the Words,  
they still believed in the World,  
without cemeteries of Destinies,  
where to lose ourselves among the tombs,  
of Moments.

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**11. In our Time, eternal**

Pleiades of smiles,  
they fall over the falling stars of the Memory,  
crushing them with the corpulence of the suffering,  
flowing from the sap of an Universe,  
sick of, the love,  
of that God,  
who promised us that he will come back,  
somewhere sometime,  
and in the station of the Destiny,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
whose crumbs, have fed,  
Sunrises whole,  
the Vanity,  
on the frozen lips of a Word,  
in which we thought we would find us again,  
the Immortality  
shipwrecked in our Time,  
eternal.

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**12. Beyond the Infinity**

I thought,  
until beyond the Infinity,  
in us,  
those undressed,  
through the chasms of the Glances,  
of Divine Light of the Love,  
who let us fall at endlessly,  
in ourselves,  
until I understood,  
that the meaning of the Illusions of the Existence,  
is the Purpose to stay together,  
no matter how much you climb or descend,  
on the cold and insalubrious stairs of the Time,  
what they seem to always remain untrodden,  
by the steps of the Words,  
from before this World,  
in which we found us again the Flight,  
what will never end,  
on the eyelashes of a Horizon,  
bored and strange,  
of, everything what it means,  
the Absolute Truth,  
of the Happiness.

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**13. Chains of Moments**

Mountains of Promises,  
have hurt the bloody Horizons,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
on which we navigate without Sense,  
have nourished us, the Vanity,  
of the Chains of Moments,  
what they seem to rust,  
long ago than the ancient Times,  
on our Hearts,  
which, they still believe and now,  
that are protected by the coldness of the Armor,  
of a Memory,  
in which they were incarnated for us,  
the Chains of Moments,  
then,  
when, even and the Dreams,  
they still hoped,  
that we will stay together.

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**14. I asked your Thoughts**

I do not think I asked,  
the Word of Creation ever,  
if Death hurts,  
or Life knows,  
if the Eyes even see,  
or Freedom can mean handcuffing,  
among the Illusions of Existence?

I certainly slipped,  
on the sole of Hell,  
what has crushed the Love,  
when, the Distances,  
have washed the gnawed face of the Time,  
with the towel of the Memories,  
shipwrecked on the tears of the Absolute Truth,  
without beginning or end,  
of the Forgetfulness.

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**15. In vain**

Wings of Regrets,  
they will rise for us over the star of Destiny,  
wiping away the dust of Love,  
how much remained,  
from the wheels of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
over the heavy lead eyelids,  
of the Future,  
whose blanket of Happiness,  
it seems that it no longer fits to us,  
and however much,  
we would like,  
to cover us the tired Steps,  
shivering by the cold of Indifference,  
on the lips of the depressed Word of the Love,  
is in vain.



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**16. Stars of Moments**

I told you many times,  
how many, Stars of Moments,  
are born over the Cemetery of this World,  
of the Vanity of Illusions of the Existence,  
for to be extinguished,  
forever,  
in the body lacking of Love,  
of the Sacred Fire,  
from the heart of a God,  
so cold,  
that I would never have believed,  
that the breath of your Glances,  
to extinguish the handcuffed ice from Him,  
transforming Him into the Water of Life,  
on which I have embraced her forever,  
quenching my thirst,  
with an entire Universe of Love,  
what has become,  
the icon of your face,  
starry, for Eternity,  
with so many Moments,

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gathered in the diadem of the Infinity,  
on which I have definitively put her,  
on the forehead of the our only Star of the Destiny,  
which will light the Future,  
of others and of others,  
Loves,  
forever.

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**17. The World of Beyond, of the Dreams**

Scattered,  
among withered thoughts,  
what they rustle,  
at the soles of the Destiny,  
on the way to Death,  
I worship to the Day,  
on which I will not know it,  
never,  
under this Sun,  
which will no longer belong to me,  
of the breath of Divine Light from me,  
being stolen, from me,  
by the World of Beyond, of the Dreams,  
in which I believed somewhere - sometime,  
as being,  
a Love,  
on which I will not be able to lose her,  
never.

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**18. Beyond any Time**

Renegade by the Infinity,  
the Word was incarnated for us,  
in the deep of the Glances,  
portraying for us the Endlessness,  
on the pure face of Love,  
which has been tattooed so,  
with the Illusion of Life and Death,  
without knowing,  
only for us,  
of-so much love,  
those who,  
we were obligated,  
to hide us,  
in the Eternity of the Moment,  
for to shine,  
and today,  
in the falling star,  
which has been extinct of so long ago,  
that, even now, it still falls,  
alongside her Divine Light,  
Beyond any Time,  
running over the unborn spaces,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
enlivening them.

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**19. Over, the snows of the Tears**

So much Forgetfulness,  
it snows,  
over the snows of the Tears,  
from the distances of our Thoughts,  
that, have been covered us with snow,  
all the Words,  
what they should have brought us,  
the Freedom to be,  
what should it have,  
to bring us the freedom to be,  
the Heart of a Love,  
which to beat,  
strong enough, the Time,  
that, to chase him,  
from the arms of Eternity,  
what has believed him so far,  
to be the deck,  
between the Eternal Life and Happiness.

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**20. Small insignificant Things**

I knew since then,  
when I tried,  
to we move the Absolute Truth,  
from the frozen eyes of the snows of Moments,  
that we will become,  
small insignificant Things,  
worn through the pockets broken by the Feelings,  
of the God of our Destiny,  
which, he will not have what to buy with them,  
at this late hour from the Night of Thought,  
where are open, only the taverns of Dreams,  
extremely expensive,  
for a poor Creator,  
which, he did not think,  
that he will delay so long,  
face of the Hour of the Death,  
by ourselves.

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**21. On the roads without return**

Walls of flint,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
they clothe us, the Moments,  
defending them from the cold,  
of what we are,  
or we could be,  
in Life or Death,  
Love or Truth,  
reason for which we will delay,  
every time,  
at the meeting,  
with the God of Divine Light,  
from ourselves,  
which, we will always remain lost,  
on the roads without return,  
of the Vanity.

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**22. The Hour of the Dawns**

Do not tell me, that,  
the Word, does not hurt,  
or Death does not forget about,  
the Eternity of Love?,  
or the Clocks,  
broken and rusty,  
of the Autumns ?,  
from the glances of the Truths,  
who would give anything,  
to repair and to polish,  
The Illusions of Existence,  
to hang them,  
on, the Horizons,  
what, they seek, wandering, the Hour of the Dawns,  
which could bring them,  
to the Divine Light of Love,  
back,  
from the Night,  
in which we have lost us,  
the Endlessness.



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**23. Drowned with the Illusions of Truth**

I did not understand,  
why the Destiny,  
he drowns his Existence,  
in the depths of the Tears,  
what they became the dew of the Dawns,  
of a World of the Illusions of Life,  
from which we do not understand,  
than Death or Love,  
too late every time,  
no matter how much,  
we want to learn,  
to be happy,  
lean against the cold and rusty fences,  
of the Time,  
which never leaves us,  
to we cross beyond,  
by the Paradise or Inferno,  
of the Icon,  
to which we pray, full of hopes,  
to we be able to we cry,  
once with her,  
for to we end, drowned,  
with the Illusions of Truth.

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**24. The bones of the Memory**

Beyond me,  
we were us,  
up to the feet of the Eternity,  
on which we knotted them for us,  
as tightly as possible,  
by the wrists of the Glances,  
being us afraid,  
that these,  
they not to slip us,  
on the cold and insensitive ice,  
on which, she broke its bones,  
the Memory.

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**25. The Bible of Love**

How many Regrets,  
would have rained over the Illusion of Existence,  
that God was obligated,  
to he print for himself,  
at the light of stars of so many Destinies,  
the Bible of Love,  
the only one what has really succeeded,  
to it build,  
the Churches of Eternity,  
to the walls of which,  
to worship,  
the Absolute Truth,  
from whose snow,  
we have cooled us,  
the Word,  
so heated, sometimes,  
of Death.

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**26. The Icon of Smile**

Never,  
I did not ask the Destiny,  
why did I want,  
to I wipe your dust,  
of on the Icon of Smile,  
from your Gaze,  
blowing the warm air of my Days,  
over your endlessness,  
which is cleaned,  
by the fog of the dust of a Past,  
of the Loneliness,  
older than the Time,  
who was fed until then,  
with all the falling stars,  
of our Destinies,  
from other and other Existences,  
where we were looking for us and, then,  
one another.

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**27. To stay always**

If God,  
would not have refused the Life,  
at the table of the Happiness,  
surely that the Death,  
would have become,  
the absolute master of Love,  
from whose bricks,  
we would no longer have succeeded,  
to we build us ever,  
the Church of the Feelings,  
from which to we carve our altar,  
of our own existence,  
at which to we pray, the Eternity of the Moment,  
to stay always,  
with us,  
forever,  
together.

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**28. They no longer had anything to say**

With the thoughts broken in elbows,  
I sneak through the trenches of Existence,  
trying not to I be hurt,  
by, the shrapnel of the Non-chances,  
whose deck collapsed,  
over the depths of our Days,  
in which we drowned us the Glances,  
what they have devoured us,  
with the Sacred Fire of Love,  
the Dreams,  
crucified by Life,  
in the cemetery of Words,  
which, they no longer had anything to say,  
for none of us.

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**29. As if it were**

Heavy wings ready to give birth to Storms,  
are cramped,  
at the locked doors of the Words,  
hitting them with all the power,  
of the low or high prices,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
hoping that they will eventually succeed,  
to buy them,  
with at least,  
a simple one, Smile, of, Key,  
which to half-open them,  
a fragment, of, Divine Light,  
towards another World,  
where the Stars of Destinies,  
are no longer unbalanced,  
of on the scale of Love,  
for to fall,  
in the void beyond us,  
where we get to wander,  
at the gates of Death,  
as if it were Life.

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**30. Up beyond Time**

Waves of blood,  
they drown the hemorrhagic Horizon,  
with the Hopes of a new Day,  
what has just escaped,  
from the madhouse of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
on which the World has built it for us,  
for to offer it as a gift,  
to Happiness,  
on which we buy her so rarely,  
with the few coins of Moments,  
which we receive in the gift,  
from the Prides of the Destinies,  
full of envy and poison,  
on the immortal Star,  
of a Love,  
who awaits us,  
for to be,  
up beyond Time,  
together.



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**31. Through the Traces of the Paces, of, Wind**

We were more Divine Light,  
than Darkness,  
but in vain,  
if we drown the Destiny of Illusions of the Existence,  
through the Traces of the Paces, of, Wind,  
of the long hair, of, tangled Days,  
scattered on the horizon of the Glances,  
so ragged,  
of the Time,  
that, we have lost us,  
the Happiness,  
always lost,  
and concealed,  
among the vain Dreams,  
without we ever finding her again,  
at the foreheads burned of longing,  
of the Sunrises of our Loneliness.

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**32. Forced to silence**

If I could give you, the Retrieval,  
without I becoming, the withered Forgetfulness,  
which flows,  
through the nervures of the rusty leaves,  
of the Moments,  
from the blood trickled on the lips of the Word,  
forced to silence,  
when cries softly,  
among the Illusions of the Existence,  
how much God loved this World,  
so alienated,  
even by the Stranger of our Subconscious,  
that the cathedrals are built by Death and Despair,  
and not at all by Life and Fulfillment.

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**33. The cold of the Regrets**

Life becomes true,  
only in front of Knowledge,  
as well as, the Love,  
in front of the whole Universe,  
about which we know every time,  
how much should we still feel,  
from the brilliance of Eternity,  
on which, the Time weaves her,  
making tirelessly,  
the canvas of Death,  
which to protect us from the cold of Regrets,  
when the Future will freeze us,  
the Trace,  
what will become our only Memory,  
mirrored in the lake of another Existence.

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**34. In an Icon of Love**

Tears of dew,  
they burn the Days of the ice flowers of the Lives,  
what, they will draw, the Illusions of the Existence,  
on the frozen windows of the Words,  
from which we will build the Future,  
with every sigh of a Hope,  
or perhaps with the doubt which will flow,  
on the Window glass, opaque and scratched by Sufferings,  
of our own Feelings,  
on which, we want so much, to enframe them,  
in an Icon of Love,  
that we wipe him every time,  
with shouted prayers in silence,  
to a God so foreign to us,  
that we almost feel his anger,  
but also the hand of Destiny,  
every time,  
when he tries to break us,  
the increasingly matte glass, of the icon,

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of our own Love,  
in, shards as sharp as possible, of Moments,  
which, they shall be lost in the wilderness,  
of the Eternity and Loneliness,  
cutting the soles and so bloody,  
of the Time,  
which has no longer what to do with us.

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**35. Empress of the Moment of Eternity**

Your car broke down,  
on the street of my Life,  
stopping you at the gate,  
of the Meaning,  
which has conceived me,  
for to become,  
the wheel of the Sacred Fire,  
which spins,  
dizzying your Destiny  
for to be driven,  
in, the palace, of crystal,  
of our Loneliness, of until then,  
to I crown you,  
Empress of the Moment of Eternity,  
which we will defend together,  
of all the misfortunes of the Illusions of the Existence,  
which could disintegrate us,  
the empire without frontiers,  
of the Love.

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**36. On the vault of the Endlessness**

Shroud, of, Divine Light,  
cover me the Existence,  
with the soul of your heart,  
from, the Glances without end,  
of the Word, Love,  
which Heaven has spoken to us,  
while flying,  
on the Star of Destiny,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
in love,  
of, our Future,  
written forever,  
on the vault of the Endlessness,  
of the Nobody.

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**37. When we looked the Endlessness**

I go wandering,  
toward me myself,  
wounding my,  
the Subconscious Stranger of the Absolute Truth,  
with the questions which I always ask them to myself,  
about Death and Love,  
not knowing that Eternity,  
will be the one whose Life of Beyond,  
will give forever,  
the breath of the Existence,  
from, the steps without traces,  
of the Destiny of a Love,  
in which, would have incarnated, for us,  
the God we have met,  
for the first time,  
when we looked,  
together,  
the Endlessness.



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**38. Hope, widow**

I refuse to believe,  
in the falling stars,  
of the Darkness of a Loneliness,  
who washes every morning,  
the faces sweated by the dew of forgetfulness,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
in which we have incarnated,  
the Destinies,  
for to we learn to run,  
at the marathon of Moments,  
on, whose foreheads,  
every time,  
we fall exhausted,  
through the Cemeteries of Dreams,  
where it still comes, sometimes,  
a Hope, widow,  
for to pray,  
to a God of the Love of the Nobody,  
for Happiness and Prosperity.

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**39. To enter, the rays of the Smile**

I dream,  
among the weeds of Memories,  
watered by the Water of the Forgetfulness,  
to grow over the ice flowers,  
which we have gathered,  
somewhere, sometime,  
from the Garden of the Window,  
of our Love,  
which has been broken,  
under the weight of the jealous Time,  
on, the transparency and clarity,  
of the Hazard,  
when it opened,  
to the Happiness,  
allowing to enter, the rays of the Smile,  
among the cold hearts of the Words,  
who were just beginning,  
to they warm slightly,  
bringing the serene Spring,  
what seemed eternal,  
in our Glances.

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**40. Indecision when I cross**

I await the steps of Destiny,  
to trample pressed,  
my Indecision,  
when I cross,  
the Bridge of the Illusions of the Life and Happiness,  
over the river of a Love,  
in which I am afraid,  
to I not drown,  
lured by the mermaid songs,  
of the Meeting,  
at which it will never miss,  
the Illusion of Death,  
to delight us until the last Day,  
the Fate.

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**41. How long they will last, the Illusions of Death**

I did not ask him,  
never, on God,  
he made us got drunk,  
with the Illusions of Happiness,  
knowing that we are not allowed to drink them,  
than when,  
we are sick of Love,  
on which so few we really live her,  
a disease of which neither He,  
is not stranger,  
once what is desired,  
to be identified with Her,  
to be able to conceive the world,  
whose real image,  
we are not allowed to know her,  
how long they will last, the Illusions of Death,  
who have incarnated our Life.

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**42. The starry Sky of the Freedom**

Walls, of, flint,  
hit by Moments,  
they sparkled,  
have kindled us the starry Sky of the Freedom,  
of a Love,  
indebted, at the Illusions of the Existence,  
without ever wondering,  
why it does not exists and Absolute Truth,  
in this World of Original Sin,  
built by the moldy bricks,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which protect us,  
the Suffering,  
by the Stars of other Destinies,  
on whose wings we could fly,  
toward ourselves.

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**43. The Kingdom of Eternity**

After I drank,  
the sky of your dreams,  
I was so drunk of you,  
that I fell through the ditches of some Words,  
without being able to I get up,  
holding me firmly,  
by the hook of a question mark,  
who lying rusty beyond any meaning,  
fixed from before being the World,  
in the rock of the heart of a Love,  
who was waiting for us to climb,  
on, its sharp heights,  
on which grows abundantly,  
the moss, smooth, slippery and moist,  
of the Destiny,  
on which we are obligated,  
to we go,  
to pass, of, the gates of the Absolute Truth,  
of what we are,  
two Strangers,  
who seek their Kingdom of Eternity.

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**44. The price of a night of the Life**

Scattered through the stellar dust,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
I wrapped myself in the mantle of the Feeling,  
so cold was done to me,  
of Love,  
Truth and Happiness,  
that I wandered,  
on the deserted streets of Destinies,  
trying to I stay,  
to one of them,  
but no matter how much I asked them,  
they did not want to tell me,  
the price of a night of the Life,  
in, their insalubrious rooms,  
and full of the mold of Knowledge,  
from where should I wake up,  
obligatory,  
with the school of life learned,  
for to pass, as prepared as possible,  
the threshold of the new day of the Death,  
by me myself.

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**45. The Word in which we lost us**

The distances,  
lonely,  
of the Tears,  
they crush the palms of the Future,  
what, they want to push with strength,  
the gates of the Memories,  
beyond the altars of Regrets,  
who worship,  
to the Star of our Destiny,  
praying him bitterly,  
in the hearts of the Dawn,  
vanished before we were born,  
on the streets of the Vanities of this World,  
so thirsty for Love,  
to she longer let us,  
a Moment of Eternity,  
the Word in which we lost us,  
being, aware,  
of, passing of a Time,



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hungry,  
of every particle,  
of Breathing,  
in train station,  
where it should not,  
to it never stop anymore,  
the Death.

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**46. The Church of the Soulmates**

Letters, alone,  
they wait crucified,  
on the lost roads of the Days,  
their Destinies,  
under whose flames,  
they could defend from the rains of the Years,  
their letters of fire of the Love,  
which to sprout them,  
through the Churches of the Souls,  
at whose altars they still hope,  
that they will hold by the hand of the Divinity,  
Soulmates,  
which to write to us,  
on the paper of our bodies of letters,  
they burn, consuming themselves,  
upset by hopes,  
the Words full of fire,  
of the Dawn of Love,  
which arise,  
over the foreheads of the Thoughts,  
through, whose wrinkles to drain,  
the holy and crystalline nectar of the Water of Life,  
on which to share it  
happy,  
through the thirsty motherhoods of the Future,  
by writing new rows,  
of other and other pages of dreams,

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what will become true books,  
of the histories of some Memories,  
full of Illusions of the Life and Death,  
what they will stand guarded,  
by the cold and insensitive moisture of Forgetfulness,  
through the nooks of the Soul of a Star,  
whose Tear of longing,  
will not succeed, not even, to fall,  
once with Her,  
knowing that nobody will ever succeed,  
to find out,  
that, this Tear, were We,  
which, we flow toward Eternity,  
on the face of the God,  
at whose Icon of Love,  
we always prayed,  
to each other,  
in a Church of the Soulmates,  
which is no longer,  
long ago, than,  
the Time,  
what, has lost us,  
among the beads of the Moments of the Vanity,  
to which, always prays,  
putting them into the line,  
believing that will find us,  
ever,  
but in vain.

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**47. Days without meaning**

Flowers of tears,  
they budded on the steps of the Words,  
what seem disheveled,  
of any Meaning,  
they always recall,  
by the springtime of the smiles,  
of a Love,  
whose address seems to have been lost,  
among the weeds,  
of so many unanswered Questions,  
that no hand of the Destinies,  
would not have succeeded to tear them,  
by the Future that watered them,  
with the increasingly pressing Days,  
and without meaning,  
of the Loneliness.

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**48. We slip toward Death**

We run toward nothingness,  
more sure than any Moment,  
whose meaning,  
is to it be able to die,  
under the eyes of the Horizons,  
of so many Loves,  
tightened up,  
in the vise so painful,  
of the sunrises and sunsets,  
by ourselves,  
which fall with flakes,  
over the snows of the tears of dreams,  
on which, we slip,  
toward Death.

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**49. A cathedral of Love**

Petals of memories,  
carried by the winds of Passion,  
have snowed over the magnolias of the Words,  
budded from the passion of the Spring,  
of your eyes,  
of Eternity,  
which has pierced my,  
the Subconscious Stranger of the Thoughts,  
through which I try to identify my Heart,  
that awaits you,  
building for you at every beat of it,  
a cathedral of Love.

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**50. Some streets of Words**

Wandering through the tall and dry grasses,  
of the Glances,  
of some streets of Words,  
I chose to answer to the lost Smile,  
through the agglomeration of Stars,  
which, they had, caught,  
in the hair of the rays of Divine Light,  
the Destinies,  
which, they cramped me so hard,  
when I wanted to knock at the gates of Love,  
that I could no longer even to breathe,  
the strong air of the heights of your eyes,  
at whose sunrise,  
I would have wanted to be present,  
even if it was at an impossible hour,  
for the Illusion of My Life and Death.

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**51. At the table of your soul**

I sat  
at the table of your soul,  
waiting to I be served,  
with a boiled portion,  
of, Illusion of the Life and Happiness,  
on which I will sip it,  
from the Smile of the Eternity of your Moment,  
up to the end of the crystal cup,  
of the Love,  
which I shall guard,  
by the earthquakes of Destinies,  
lest to be broken,  
and to cut us, the Years,  
in the shards of the sharp Days,  
which to separate us forever.



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**52. The endlessness of Love**

I get up,  
from the Blood of the great storms,  
of the ancestors,  
of so many Loves,  
to navigate on its waves,  
which flows me through the veins of Destiny,  
surrounding the Eternity,  
of the your Eyes,  
becoming a planet,  
of the Happiness and Love,  
whose Life,  
depends on the rays of the your Divine Light,  
which, always kindles,  
the Candle of the Sacred Fire of Feelings,  
defeating, definitively,  
the darkness of Loneliness,  
by ourselves,  
until,  
God has accidentally hit himself,  
by the candlestick of the Illusions of Life and Death,

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in which it burned,  
for to fall away,  
under the weight of the cold and full of dampness walls,  
of the Happening,  
for which we were destined,  
to we become again People,  
stripped of Angels wings,  
which have helped us to can fly,  
over the endlessness  
of the Love.

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**53. The Shadows of Words**

The streets bloody by sunsets,  
are lost wandering,  
through the cold and inert Hearts,  
of the Horizons,  
in which we wanted to escape,  
two mute Shadows,  
broken by the flames of a Love,  
what she did not succeed to kindle,  
the heavy and massive walls,  
of the sharp Destinies,  
which have collapsed,  
over the Shadows of our Words,  
through whose labyrinths,  
we cried us, the Helplessness,  
uttered by the Shadows,  
of the Illusions of the Life,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Pain,  
and of our Death.

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**54. Flowers of Memory**

We were,  
so much spring,  
that,  
even Freedom had begun,  
to invite us,  
at the dance of the Buds of some Words,  
on which,  
we have not yet told them,  
at the open windows of the Calendars,  
where they sang for us,  
the Serenades of the Illusions of the Life,  
of the Death and Happiness,  
the Moments,  
which have snowed us with Flowers of Memory,  
the Destiny.

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**55. At the dice of the Prides**

Waves of Memories,  
they break the Glances vanished,  
long ago than the ancient Times,  
of the Moment,  
from which we have built us,  
The Cathedral of a Love,  
at whose ruins,  
we knelt sometimes,  
looking for the altar of the Eyes of an Icon,  
of the Happiness,  
in which we lost us the Destiny,  
hypnotized,  
of, their Eternity,  
on which, the Time,  
lost it at the dice of the Prides,  
between the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**56. On the ruined steps, of Time**

Traces of Shadows,  
they build walls of Words,  
between me and you,  
God and Love,  
Happiness and Suffering,  
on the ruined steps, of Time,  
so slippery,  
that none of the steps of our Dreams,  
they fail to climb them,  
however much they would like,  
to reach the Endlessness of Heavens,  
whose Absolute Truth,  
without we knowing,  
gave us the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
in which we can to lose us,  
so easy,  
one another.

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**57. Has appeared the Loneliness**

Were broken, our Heavens,  
of the Dreams,  
in endless sharp shards,  
of Moments,  
for to we run bloodied by Memories,  
over the wounds of our Past,  
on which no store of hopes,  
does not want to sell it,  
to some Destiny fulfilled,  
even if Love,  
she would have given him, on nothing,  
to the Illusions of Life and Death,  
on which we did not know them,  
than then,  
when,  
in the Glances,  
of the drained fountains of the Desires,  
has appeared the Loneliness.

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**58. The locomotive of Love**

I ended my buttons of the Words,  
until the last Hope,  
lest to penetrate me,  
the cold of some Memories,  
who froze us the Past,  
in flowers of tears,  
flowing on the window of Destiny,  
from the wagons,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
pulled so hard,  
by the locomotive of Love,  
driven toward nowhere,  
by the God to which he belongs,  
and who identify with her,  
through the tattoos,  
full of ruins of the cathedrals,  
painted with the love stories,  
of the Moments of the Vanity.



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**59. The Rain of Dreams of the Love**

It's raining,  
over the Wandering of the Stranger lost from me,  
through the agglomeration of splashes of Thoughts,  
what they wash my forehead of the Word,  
which still holds you,  
by the hand of the streams of Regrets,  
which trickle,  
on the steamed window of the Day,  
broken by the ghost of the Past,  
what, threw me with the cup chipped by Longing,  
in the shards of the Memories,  
what, they longer remained me,  
from the steps of the Eternity of the Moment,  
whose Star,  
which was our Destiny,  
has fallen a long ago than ourselves,  
those who we became the Time,  
lost,  
among the whirlwinds of whispers,  
hidden through the labyrinths,  
of the traces of a Kiss,

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now of the Nobody,  
which are lost,  
among the sighs of the Hopes,  
because it can no longer incarnate, never,  
in the Rain of Dreams of the Love,  
under which we gave birth to,  
the Embrace of an Fulfillment.

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**60. The Prayer of the Heart**

The regrets,  
flames of dry dew,  
on the lips of the Words without voice,  
they melt the Dawns without meaning,  
of a Time,  
which is no longer ours,  
even, from before,  
of to be the God of a World,  
which it seems to have forgotten us,  
the Prayer of the Heart,  
what has stopped his Eternity of the Moment,  
from the Glances in which we have lost us,  
The Endlessness of Love,  
transformed into a sweat lake,  
of some Mornings,  
which they will no longer belong to us,  
Never.

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**61. The gates of Eternity**

I put on my black shirt,  
of the Forgetfulness,  
over the chest of the Words,  
which, they flowed,  
in real rivers,  
what, they drowned us the Future,  
through the folds without meaning,  
of the Luck,  
of on the depressed head of the Time,  
what led the palm of the Eternity,  
at the foreheads of the Memory,  
which has snowed us with her Longing,  
the Traces of the steps of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
what, have embraced us the Destiny,  
what has turned gray at the soles of the Love,  
until the gates of Eternity were opened to us,  
from a cemetery of the Present.

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**62. The agglomeration of Dreams**

Steps tangled by the wires of Destinies,  
they bear with resignation,  
the Knots of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
at the neckties too tight every time,  
of the Words,  
what they want to hang,  
the always inflamed neck of an Existence,  
who refuses to treat herself,  
through the depressed and wandering cathedrals of the  
Hearts,  
of some decomposed Smiles,  
by the agglomeration of Dreams,  
which, they have trampled themselves each other,  
on their own Steps of the Vanity,  
from which it was created us,  
the Happiness.

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**63. The Tear of the Retrieval**

Forsaken,  
by the Commas,  
whose palaces of Oppositions,  
have protected me,  
by the apocalyptic storms of Memories,  
I woke up,  
suddenly thrown,  
on the street of a forbidden Love,  
by the absurd flames of a Past,  
on whose embers,  
my Words are decomposed,  
and now,  
in a rain of fire,  
of the Regrets,  
which melts me,  
even the Tear of the Retrieval.

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**64. My soul**

You do not rain me,  
Love,  
with the flight of splashes of your Days,  
until I will not be sure,  
that I will learn to swim,  
over the waves of the Endlessness,  
what they will become my walls of Retrieval,  
of the cathedral of my soul,  
which, will always look for itself,  
an icon in your Words,  
until I will learn to kneel,  
in the prayer of my heart,  
at your soles,  
of embers, unextinguished,  
brought from the Sacred Fire,  
of the Eternity of a Moment,  
whose Stars,  
I want to it become,  
my Destiny,  
and you,  
Love,  
my soul.

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**65. The Saints of the Dreams**

Wandering,  
among the storms of Memories,  
I fell covered with the snow,  
by, the Words of Moments,  
which have snowed me,  
with their blowing so lit,  
that they burned me,  
even and the Heart of the Longing,  
the only one that could not be deleted,  
from the icon of Love,  
to which we have prayed,  
somewhere, sometime,  
being for us, God,  
now,  
forsaken even and by the Saints,  
of His Dreams,  
what they have sought for themselves,  
Paradises of fulfillments,



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hrough other cathedrals of Love,  
but none of these,  
no matter how polished it would be of Happiness,  
will not wear the veil of the Holiness,  
on which, I gave him to you,  
when we were running freely,  
on, the Endlessness of our Glances.

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**66. A single Question Mark**

I drowned,  
in the Tears of the Word,  
trying,  
to I keep him away from the chasm of the Separation,  
where it collapsed,  
leaving us as a memory,  
a single Question Mark,  
hidden among the ruined walls of Love,  
so that we can support,  
the Destiny,  
on his inquiring soul,  
through which we breathe,  
the Illusions of Life,  
of Happiness and Death,  
without we telling us anything,  
concretely,  
than,  
that we do not know where we are headed,  
even if we saw clearly,  
the dirty Water of the Vanity,  
leading us toward the cemetery of the Forgetfulness.

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**67. The Strangers of the Subconscious**

We were,  
so much Divine Light,  
that even the Strangers of the our Subconscious,  
they loved themselves,  
washing their faces of Happiness,  
with the tears of the Absolute Truth,  
which lights us the Destiny,  
in a Dance of the Eternity of the Glances,  
in which we were losing us,  
entirely,  
even the Illusions of Life and Death,  
to which we had to pay the rent,  
so expensive,  
in Moments,  
owed to this Existence,  
until we remained,  
without Time,  
through the pockets of Dreams,  
being kicked out,  
forever,  
from ourselves.

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**68. The Dust that created us**

Traces,  
pressed into the snow of Love,  
by the leaves of the rusty Thoughts,  
conceived by the dance of Illusions of Life and Death,  
on the shabby scene of the Memories,  
who have incarnated us,  
the Feelings,  
of so many dreams,  
that the Dust that created us,  
he could no longer carry them,  
on the potter's table,  
of our own Retrievals,  
from which to strengthens  
the cup of the Hopes,  
from which to we drink the Water of Life,  
which to keep us from thirst,  
even in the World of Beyond,  
of Our Endlessness.

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**69. The days condemned**

Sleighs of words in the wind,  
they pull the bells of the dreams,  
stolen from the ruined cathedrals,  
of the Destinies,  
through heavy and cold snowdrifts,  
of end, of world,  
of our Glances,  
lost in the smoke of the sordid taverns,  
of the Moments,  
which, they do not want to let us pass,  
on, the realm of the Eternity,  
of a Love,  
who would have received us in the arms of Paradise,  
with all the days condemned,  
to the Illusions of the, Life, Happiness, Suffering and  
Death,  
by a God so stranger of ourselves,  
that, even the deaf cry,  
of the Vanity,  
is heard more strongly,  
than all the Hopes of this World.

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**70. They kindle us the Heaven of Words**

Wings of dreams,  
they open wide,  
over the Horizon of the Hearts of Fire,  
which kindle us the Heaven of Words,  
streaked by the Angels of the Glances,  
convicted,  
to no longer be able to fly, never,  
from under the eaves,  
of our souls,  
fallen in the endless abysses,  
of the Vanity,  
from which has incarnated us, the God,  
which smiles us from the Icons of the Dreams ,  
too expensive,  
for the pockets of our Moments,  
no matter how much,  
we would have liked to put them,  
on the walls of the Cathedral of Love,  
which we have built,  
only for us.

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**71. Does not receive anything**

We are,  
lost dreams,  
through, the labyrinths, of barbed wire,  
of the Desires,  
rusted by the arias of the Un-fulfilments,  
sung at hour, of Existence,  
by, the choirs of the deaf shouts,  
of the Destinies,  
lost in the majestic cathedrals,  
of the Vanity,  
on whose stairs she still begs,  
occasionally,  
the right to life,  
a Love,  
which most of the times,  
does not receive anything.

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**72. The Water of the Sacred Fire**

It snowed with Loneliness,  
over the flowers of ice,  
placed in the vase of the Words,  
of on the table of the Future,  
on which, it still leans,  
only the palms of Longing,  
which has washed us,  
from before to give birth to,  
the face of the Star of Destiny,  
with the Water of the Sacred Fire,  
of the Love,  
on which we drank her,  
being thirsty for Existence,  
until we burned,  
and the ashes of the our Memory,  
has remained to feed the Time,  
with Regrets.



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**73. Injured unexpectedly**

I wonder, the Serene, immaculate,  
from the Flowers of Fire, of the Love,  
how many traces of clouds of the Pain,  
does not hide in his soul,  
carved from the flint,  
with whom God,  
has lit,  
the Destinies of the Stars,  
which, they burn us even today, the Happenings,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
injured unexpectedly,  
by a Happiness or Suffering?

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**74. Blizzards of Longings**

Days lost in,  
the broken pockets,  
of the Blizzards of Longings,  
they fall chaotically,  
over the gray clouds of the Memories,  
raining with the tears of the Words,  
lit by the blaze of Destiny,  
who burned us,  
the soles of the Moments,  
in so much,  
that,  
even the Traces of Commas,  
they cried, deaf,  
cut by the Loneliness,  
which has served us the Sentiments,  
thrown on the thick slice of a Horizon,  
desolate and frozen,  
of the Nobody.

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**75. We met**

The opaque walls,  
have crushed the Hopes,  
crucifying them on the crosses of the Regrets,  
on which we wear them at the necks,  
of some Dreams,  
bypassed by the Loves,  
on the absurd streets of the Destinies,  
where we met,  
with the Illusions of Life and Death,  
giving birth us,  
at the maternity of the Vanity,  
of a World,  
which will never belong to us.

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**76. The culinary assortments**

We were broken,  
of-so much Happiness,  
what wanted to be,  
patched  
with few Dreams,  
ornate with taste of Absolute Truth,  
at the table of Destiny,  
eternally, starved  
by the Illusions of Life and Death,  
on which we burned them,  
at the Sacred Fire of a Love,  
to be as delicious as possible,  
for the Endlessness,  
which each time rejected them,  
saying that these culinary assortments of the World,  
they are not on her liking,  
when were compared,  
with the God of our Love,  
who did not want to be in any way,  
Illusions.

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**77. Decomposed Glances**

We're going forward, hardly,  
over the premonitions of the Subconscious Stranger,  
who has cried out to me, deaf,  
to I wait my Moment,  
of my Eternity,  
at this corner of Infinity,  
whose beginning and end,  
is measured only in Love,  
and in no way in something else,  
no matter how many wealth and miracles,  
they would give me,  
the Illusions of Life,  
of Happiness,  
of the Suffering and Death,  
on this World,  
of the Vanity and Absurd,  
with whom we often dress,  
covering us by the cold,  
of the Words,  
that freezes us even the Wandering,  
lost among the flowers of ice,  
of the Existence,  
from the Cemetery of our Glances,  
decomposed.

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